

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1814.

[NO. 41.

THE SUDDEN REVERSE.

A TALE.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

AFTER having enjoyed the comforts of affluence for some years, it was the lot of the youthful Eulalia to be reduced to a state of extreme poverty. It is a difficult lesson to learn how to submit to the privations and mortifications of indigence, when suddenly reduced from a situation so vastly dissimilar. To the misconduct of her father it was owing that the amiable Eulalia found herself in circumstances so distressing; but to the virtuous energies of her own mind she owed the fortitude which enabled her to defy the malice of fortune, and that noble piety, which prevented her from uttering a complaint likely to wound the feelings of an erring parent; and with the composure of an innocent heart and complying temper, she accompanied him to the humble dwelling, which their necessities compelled them to accept from the liberality of their landlord, and to which was annexed a small portion of land, to the cultivation of which the attention of Eulalia's father was now directed. The old man had also a son, who cheerfully worked with him in the field; while the amiable Eulalia busied herself in domestic occupations, new, yet not irksome, since she found herself enabled to contribute to the comforts of her father and brother. "Shall I murmur," she would often say to herself, "that my hands are coarse and discoloured, since they prepare food for my poor father, or render the couch more comfortable for his weary limbs? Shall I complain of fatigue, whose labour is so comparatively light; and while a few hours exertion serves to render our scanty wardrobe decent and respectable? Oh, no; affluence may have its pleasures, but poverty is not without its enjoyments: had we not been thus reduced, my father, my brother, would never have known how truly I love them." It was thus that the lovely Eulalia, at sixteen years of age, uttered sentiments so tender and so philosophical.

The unexpected death of her father was the first subject of real grief to her gentle bosom; she had now no tie on earth but her brother, and it was her sole wish to live and die with him—but it was the wish of an inexperienced heart, which had never yielded to the omnipotent power of love. Lower in estate than sentiment, Eulalia retained but one ambitious idea, which was, that she should never bestow her heart but where her reason might approve. A young man, named George, who resided in the same village, was at length the object of her discerning preference; and he was in every respect worthy of the amiable Eulalia. Having relinquished all expectation of being ever restored to her native rank, the modest orphan banished every appearance of superiority, and with humble sweetness contented herself with the friendship of her lowly but honest companions, and thus she enjoyed all the innocent pleasures of nature, friendship, and love. Alas! these pleasures were succeeded by a calamity most oppressive and peculiarly afflicting, as it

originated in the imprudence of one who too fatally inherited the foibles of her lamented father; it was her brother, the impetuous Renaud, who was the author of her subsequent distresses.

On the death of their generous landlord, Sainrive, his only son, came to take possession of the estate, and receive the homage of his vassals; young, spirited, and giddy, and accustomed to a life of independence, he had hitherto allowed himself no time for reflection; without being naturally depraved, his passions hurried him into the greatest enormities, and his errors were more frequently the consequences of impetuosity and caprice, than the genuine offspring of a vicious disposition. In tracing the character of the master, we may generally discover the primary source of misconduct in the servants; it was thus with the domestics of Sainrive. One of his men having caught a glimpse of Eulalia, took upon himself to profess his admiration, in such terms as roused the indignation of Renaud; he sought the aggressor, and indiscreetly expressed his resentment with such vehemence, that a quarrel ensued, in the course of which Renaud struck the servant of Sainrive several heavy blows with a stick which he happened to have in his hand, and left the vanquished lover almost dead of the bruises. Sainrive soon heard the alarming account of his favourite domestic having been mortally wounded by a young villager, and instantly ordered him into confinement; Eulalia, apprized of the melancholy affair, and filled with terror for the fate of a brother so tenderly beloved, flew on the wings of fraternal affection, in hopes that her tears and supplications would arrest the progress of justice. She was admitted into the presence of Sainrive, where, falling on her knees, she acknowledged the fault of her brother, vindicated his motives, and disclosed his provocation; then bursting into an agony of tears, she implored his release and pardon.

Sainrive regarded her with astonishment and admiration; her youth, her loveliness, the graceful motion of her fine form, the expression of her animated countenance, and the superior refinement of her language, arrested his attention, and inspired him with sentiments inimical to the tranquillity of the unconscious, alarmed, Eulalia. Raising her gallantly from her suppliant posture, he gently pressed her hand, saying, in a low voice, "Retire for the present, I entreat you; I will consider the affair, and if you will return hither to-morrow, you may rely upon having justice. Eulalia, in the enthusiasm of hope, regarded not his steadfast gaze; she attributed the tenderness he evinced to the sensibility of his heart, and returned home full of delightful anticipation. The next day she returned to the chateau, expectation gleamed in her eyes, and rendered them more brilliant. Sainrive was alone, he received her kindly, smiled on her, and her spirits rose at the happy presage of a favourable answer: "Eulalia," said he, after a pause, "I have learnt all the particulars of this sad

affair; your brother's conduct has been highly culpable: on your account I might be inclined to clemency, but it does not rest wholly in my hands to administer justice: yet I have sufficient influence to obtain his discharge, were I certain of your gratitude in return."—"Ah, my lord!" exclaimed Eulalia, again falling at his feet, "can you doubt my gratitude, for a favor so great, so noble; I am poor and lowly, my lord, but I have a heart capable of appreciating, ardently appreciating, a generous action."—"And a person," rejoined Sainrive, smiling, with an expression she could not misunderstand, "that may be deemed an adequate reward for any such exertion."—"My lord," cried Eulalia, rising with dignity, "a virtuous action is its own reward."—"And beauty the agent of remuneration," observed Sainrive significantly. Eulalia cast her eyes on the ground, indignant blushes suffused her cheek, but she feared to reply, lest she should provoke him to resentment. He read the struggles of her mind, and calmly said, "Consider of it, Eulalia; you have the power to save your brother's life, and attach me to your interests for ever." Eulalia was still silent; she haughtily, yet respectfully, bent, as she quitted the apartment, and, as she retired, exclaimed, mentally, "Alas! I have no longer a brother!"

Sainrive was too eager and impetuous to keep his thoughts long to himself; his whole household were speedily apprized of what had passed, and it was not long before it reached the ears of George. What were his sensations—he knew the affection of Eulalia for her brother would induce her to make almost any sacrifice—his life, her honour, one or other, must be the stake. For an instant, he thought of influencing her determination by the persuasion of love, but he soon discarded the idea, as a treachery to friendship; and the conflicts he endured are beyond description. At length he resolved to absent himself till the result was confirmed; he would owe nothing to persuasion, but trust all to the native sense of rectitude which adorned the mind of his Eulalia.

The next day Sainrive came to the cottage, he met Eulalia, and perceived, with anxiety, the melancholy alteration of her appearance. "Have you considered?" he asked.—"I have, my lord; you have resolved to sacrifice my brother, unless I submit to your wishes; permit me, therefore, to make a few necessary arrangements; and although I acknowledge my submission to be reluctant, I claim your promise on the terms proposed."

Sainrive, delighted by this unlooked for acquiescence, could with difficulty refrain from demanding an immediate ratification of the agreement; but, awed by the placid dignity of her mien, and willing to render himself agreeable to the object of his passionate regard, he put a constraint on himself, and departed, after appointing the next day for the final adjustment of the affair. He was no sooner gone, than Eulalia summoned all her friends to her;

among them was the faithful, but afflicted, George: when she, falteringly, avowed her intention of acceding to the wishes of Sainrive, all her friends were unanimously in condemnation of her resolve. They implored her to alter her determination, and pointed out so warmly the infamy of the proceeding, that her heart was wrung with anguish: George alone was silent, but she read his thoughts, and respected him the more for his forbearance. "Enough, my friends," said she, "I have not acted without a thorough conviction that I am doing my duty; suppress your observations, they cannot shake my purpose: all I ask of you, is to accompany me to the chateau to-morrow, there to hear my brother's pardon pronounced, and escort him safely home, that he may have nothing to fear from the malice or treachery of his foes."

(To be continued.)

CLAREMONT.

(Concluded.)

THE reflections of Claremont, distracted as they were, directed him in search of his sister. She had been confined to her room, whence, at the earnest entreaties of her mother, she had descended to step into the chaise which waited to convey her to Cowley, when her brother appeared. To minds less absorbed in grief, than were those of Mrs. Claremont and Maria, the manners of Henry would have been sufficient alarmingly. He saw the chaise which might divide them for ever; and, though he could not go far, he insisted on accompanying them through a part of the journey. A broken conversation, alone, interrupted the silence of the way. Claremont took a distressing leave of his mother and his Maria, carefully concealing the engagement which compelled him to return.

Accompanied by an officer of the guards, Claremont, according to promise, met young Melvill, who was seconded by Capt. Blades. Neither would take the first fire. After much altercation, it was settled, that they should discharge together: a judgment that proved fatal to both. Melvill died in the afternoon of the day; while Claremont, in the most excruciating pains, survived his antagonist but twelve hours.

Mrs. Claremont had but just arrived at Cowley, when she received, through the public prints, the intelligence of this event. Hoping that Claremont might live, at least a few hours, she had ordered her return to London, when she was met by Mr. Stopford, the friend of her son. He informed her of Claremont's decease, and that his corpse was on the road to Cowley. His funeral took place two days after, amidst the tears of an affectionate peasantry. This affliction was fatal to Maria. It was now the latter end of October: she had risen from her bed, at the intercession of her nurse, and was contemplating the fading landscape, when a person in black, whose features she could not discern, excited her attention. He approached the house in a slow and melancholly step: he resembled the elder Melvill. She looked—it was him: and she could look no more. Her cries brought up her mother, who solicitously requested the cause of her misery. "Melvill!" was all she could utter; when Melvill entered the room. He hastily withdrew; and, Mrs. Claremont having

persuaded her daughter, that the person of Melvill existed only in her own distraction, she withdrew and left her to repose.

"Mr. Melvill," said Mrs. Claremont, as she entered the parlour where he sat, "you might have spared us this wretchedness. You have destroyed my family—you have ruined your own; and you might have left us to better reflections than those which your presence has occasioned!"—"All this I have done, madam,—and be assured that I feel my punishment. Mrs. Claremont!—if I may call you by a name which I can no longer bear to remember,—and, if you can pity a young man who has been depraved by an irreligious philosophy, you will pity me! I am sensible of my infamy, and I cannot breathe in freedom, till I have recompensed, as far as in me lies, the honour of your insulted house, and retrieved the degradation of my own." "If sir, you are serious in these professions, for your sake I am happy: but, if I understand the latter part of your observations, you never can recompence my wrongs! It will be dangerous for both, should I, at present, admit you to my daughter's view: as your peace depends upon her forgiveness, I will nevertheless, if possible, induce her to grant you that interview." With this hope, for which he could not be grateful enough to Mrs. Claremont, he returned to the inn.

By degrees, Maria was made acquainted with the arrival of Melvill, and consented to see him. "My dear mother," said she, "I shall not now be hurt by his presence; for I have been very happy to-night. My father has been with me: he looked very cheerful; and told me that I should soon be at home."—Melvill was announced: he knelt down by the bedside; but he could not speak—"Mr. Melvill," said Maria, "I am prepared for this scene."—"And, I am not," returned the miserable man. "Come, Charles," continued Maria, "we shall not part in enmity—I have long since forgiven you. This forgiveness may gain me your attention for a few minutes. I do not think that you are a bad young man: any one would have been bad, had he been corrupted by those sentiments which have deluded you. My father is gone—but—he took not his precepts with him: he left them to his daughter—he left them to his Henry!—his Henry is gone, and his daughter is gone; but those precepts will bear her to immortality. Oh! my mother! my best—my dearest friend!—Melvill!—I am happy!" Melvill looked—and those eyes which had beamed with mercy, were closed in peace.

In turning over the pocket-book of her daughter, Mrs. Claremont read as follows:

"If, after my decease, my dear mother, or any one who cares for the memory of Maria, should read this note, I make it my last request, that I may be interred in the garden where my brother reposes. It was not thought fit that he should lay in the church; and I hope to be placed by the side of him who died in the defence of

Maria."

Her desire was not opposed: and, over their grave was placed a little stone,

To the joint Memory

of

Henry and Maria
Claremont.

The regrets of Melvill were sincere; and his reform was permanent. He resided with

Mrs. Claremont till the death of that afflicted mother: and, since her departure, he has continued an uniform life of silent virtue and unremitting benevolence. Nor have his gay companions been unaffected with his situation. Blades, with many others of his acquaintance, have seen and renounced the pernicious maxims which they had imbibed. Many of them, at different times of the year, pay a visit to Melvill: when, while they amuse his determined solitude, they but return with a new sense of his virtues.

Variety.

AN ORATION.

A NUMBER of students happening one evening to meet at an inn, the conversation chanced to turn upon the inequality with which fortune bestowed her favours. Each, in his turn, giving some recent instance of the instability of fortune; the conversation went on with mutual satisfaction, till one being desirous to shew the purity of his principles, and withal his improvement in the fashionable (I had almost said absurd) mode of pronunciation, observed, that "the most splendid forchin was nothing without virtue." This, for a time, put a stop to the conversation. At length another happening to be a little conceited, and being unwilling to be outdone, replied, "I ever consider myself the most forchinate when I find opporchunities of relieving the unforchinate. In all my advenchures nothing so immediately attracts my attention as a fellow creachure pressed under the perpechual frowns of misforchin. The gratichude of those whom I relieve becomes a source of fucher bliss, and projuces a degree of quiechude ever resulting from a rectichude of conduct; and enables me to bid defiance to the frowns of misforchin—or if she frown, enables me to bear up with fortichude. Although the many grachuities may lessen a man's income, yet habitchual benevolence projuces inchuitive esteem, which every good man is anxious to deserve, and which will have a tendency to machure those latent seeds of virchue, which, I believe, are planted in every yuman breast. Of what service is the most refined literachure to a man if it projuce not benevolence, nor teach him to be virtuous?—What if he be able to tell the latichude and longichude even of the north pole? What if he can account for all the phenomina of nachur? What if he know the scripchure, and understand all the mysteries of the Jewish ritichual? I say of what service is all this to a man, while his heart is hard to the poor?—Who churns his back upon distress; and whose most pleasing chune is the voice of the distressed widow, and the cries of the helpless orphan? Yes, I repeat it, he churns his back on distress. Can such a man deserve the smiles of forchin? Can virchue, fortichude, gratichude, or quiechude, dwell with that man who is a stranger to rectichude?"

"Faith, says one, who had been standing tip-toe, all the while, our brother has spoken an excellent oration, but he has *chew'd* it unmerciful.

DILIGENCE alone is a good patrimony; but neglect will waste the fairest fortune.—One preserves and gathers; while the other is the dissolution of all.

PARTY CONTENTIONS.

IT were well, if, instead of the bitterness and contumely of party contentions, men would learn to cultivate the amiable and endearing ties of good friendship. To permit party poison to pollute the sacred fountain of fellowship and extend its baleful breath into the sweetest comforts of society, is robbing life of half its fleeting joys. Is the "path of life so carpeted with bliss," that we need press causes of discontent into its transitory period? To soften that asperity which a difference in political opinion sometimes produces in the heart, should be the study of every man, whatever his sentiments, whatever his situation.

The world is but one wide family, upon which the common parent looks with an eye of equal protection and impartiality! How absurd then to dash the draught of life with the nauseous dregs of jealousy, malice and contention! Let men consider their fellow-men, like themselves, fallible, and not attribute to depravity of heart, that, which simply construed, is but an error of judgment. Let them leave personal invectives, for manly argument; and endeavour to convince, rather than to irritate. Let reason prescribe bounds to enthusiasm: and mere difference of opinion will cease to excite that degrading spirit of intolerance, so disgraceful to the dignity and benevolence of our nature.

DR. JOHNSON.

THE Doctor met a gentleman in Linchfield who had lately buried his father. After the usual salutation, he addressed him in these words. "I have not seen you sir, since the death of your worthy father, he was a man for whom I had a great respect, as a parent and a clergyman; and I doubt not of your having paid every filial duty and respect for his latter days; alleviating, as human consolation is able, the struggles of the mind under the ruin of the body. It is pleasing to reflect on the discharge of our duty to our parents; you feel the happy effects of it. I, from that source, derive no comfort. You very well know, sir, my father, (and he was a good father,) was a bookseller; a bookseller of most inferior order. He kept market, sir, and he ordered me to get ready to attend him to Uttoxeter. I refused, for I did not like the office. He entreated; I was obstinate; and so it passed.—Sometime after my father's death, I reflected on this act of disobedience. I thought some contrition was necessary for such a breach of duty. I went to Uttoxeter. It was market day; I went to the place where my poor father's stall stood. It was a rainy day, sir; I pulled off my hat, and my wig, and stood there for two hours drenched in rain; and I hope the penance was expiatory."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ABOUT two years ago were announced the marriages of, I think, thirteen couple, on a certain day; being all the young women in East Haddam, who had then become marriageable. I should be gratified in being informed what has been the success of the parties; whether they all exist, and what progress they have made in the marriage state?

INQUISITOR.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE Ship Ann-Alexander, Kempton, of New-Bedford, has arrived at Boston in ballast from Liverpool, which place she left and brings London dates to the 25th December. The following particulars are given in the Boston papers, as news by this arrival:

That the fleet in the Texel and Scheldt, it was said, had hoisted the Orange colours.

That Dantzic capitulated the 1st of December.—Tomosc had surrendered to the Russians.—Lubec was taken the 14th Nov.—Stettin surrendered the 21st. Davoust has retired on Holstein. The allies were reorganizing the Confederation of the Rhine. Numerous places had been taken in Holland. No armistice was to be concluded. The Cossacks were overrunning the Netherlands.

Propositions of Peace have been made between the Allied Monarchs and Bonaparte, and have been accepted.

A Congress has been proposed to assemble in Mannheim to treat of the terms.

Lord Castlereagh was to leave London on the 27th Dec. to repair to the continent.

The Allies guarantee to the Emperor a larger domain than any the Kings of France have ruled over, and Bonaparte is to relinquish the Confederation of the Rhine, and acknowledge the independence of Spain and Portugal; but our opinion is, says the Boston editor, that a General Peace will not take place in Europe.

PROPOSITION OF THE ALLIES.

Frankfort, Dec. 1. (Official Article)—"Victory has conducted the allied armies to the banks of the Rhine. The first use which their Imperial and Royal Majesties have made of victory has been to offer peace to his Majesty the Emperor of the French. An attitude strengthened by the accession of all the Sovereigns and Princes of Germany, has had no influence on the conditions of the peace. These conditions are founded on the independence of the French empire, as well as on the independence of the other States of Europe. The views of the powers are just in their object, generous and liberal in their application, giving security to all, honourable to each. The powers confirm to the French Empire, an extent of territory which France under her Kings never knew."

The British have taken two French corvettes, two gun brigs, and several other vessels on the Weser. — that at the Adriatic the Austrian flag was flying in Signi, Porto Re and Fiume. In Istria and Croatia the people were driving out the French in all directions; that the British have a fleet in the Adriatic co-operating against the French. Almost the whole of the Islands from Lissa, upwards, are cleared of the French; that Bonaparte has laid an additional tax on doors, windows, salt, on persons and personal property. On the two latter the taxes are doubled; that the British government negotiated a new loan, Nov. 10, for 22 millions of pounds sterling; that the Russian general Tolstoi has been disgraced, for suffering his division to be surprised in October, near Dresden, by St. Cyr, and defeated; that the British frigate Seahorse had captured a French privateer on the French coast, which immediately afterwards sunk, and only 28, of 72 men, were saved. The whole of the officers perished; that provisions of all kinds were 50 per cent. cheaper at Liverpool than in America. Sea-Island Cotton was 4s. sterling per pound; that Hamburg was still in possession of the French, and that Bayonne had not surrendered; that the people in England were never in higher spirits than when the Alexander sailed; that the demand for their manufactures was very great, the manufacturers not being able to supply half the orders for them; and that the wages for weavers had been from a guinea to one and a half guinea per week; that on the 2d of October, the Spanish Secretary for Foreign Affairs appeared in the Cortes, and gave an account of the existing relations of Spain with Foreign Powers.

"The Government of the United States of America, (he said,) had not acknowledged Ferdinand VII. as King of Spain; it permitted, however, the residence of our Minister. It had seized Amelia Island and Western Florida, which it soon after evacuated; but it had since seized another of our provinces."

By accounts from the Frontiers, it is said that the British had reinforced Fort Niagara; that they had made a sally from the Fort and had burnt all the buildings to the four mile creek, (on the lake.)

Captain Forbes, of the schr. Banyer, who arrived at this port, in 17 days from St. Jago de Cuba, informs, that a few days previous to his sailing, a vessel arrived there from Porto Bello, with intelligence that a great battle had been recently fought in the neighbourhood of the Carraccas, between the Royalists and the Patriots, in which the latter were totally defeated.

Arrived at this port, on Tuesday, the fine coppered British ship Nereid, Rogers, prize-master, of 280 tons, 10 guns, and 27 men including two prisoners of war, with a cargo of dry goods, hardware, jewelry, iron, coal, &c. valued at 75,000 pounds sterling, a prize to the privateer Governor Tompkins, Shaler, of this port, captured on the 19th of December, in sight of Madeira, after an engagement of 11 minutes, in which the British captain, (Bennet) and one seaman, were slightly wounded—no person was hurt on board the privateer. The Nereid sailed from London on the 26th of November, for Buenos Ayres, and has a cargo on board consisting of 250 bales of dry goods, 263 packages and trunks do. 156 casks (bbls. and tierces) of hardware and jewelry, 869 bundles iron hoops, 80 bars of iron, a quantity of coal, &c. &c. [The Nereid was formerly the James Cook, of Newburyport.]

Dec. the 17th. the above privateer also captured the British ship Hornby, Kerhis, of Hull, from London for St. Domingo, laden with some dry goods, and armed with 14 guns, which she ordered for the U. States.

Also, on the 18th, she captured the British brig Young Husband, of Whitehaven, from London, with a very valuable cargo of dry goods, which was also manned and ordered for the United States.

A letter from Charleston states, that the boats of a British frigate and two sloops, who are off Charleston bar, were dispatched to attack the U. S. schooner Alligator, of 10 guns and 60 or 70 men, about 10 miles to the southward of the bar; and that the enemy was beaten off with great slaughter.

FIRE.—On Tuesday evening, about 8 o'clock, the Rope Walks near Corlaer's Hook, east end of the town, accidentally took fire and were destroyed. They were the property of Messrs. Carstang, Johnson and Day.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. John P. Latham, printer, to Miss Eliza A. Rogers, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Wm. Parkinson, Mr. Lewis Husted, of Albany, to Miss Esther Davis, of this city.

At Brooklyn, by the rev. Mr. Feltus, Capt. Edward Trenchard, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Eliza Sands, daughter of Joshua Sands, esq. of Brooklyn.

At Plattsburgh, Capt. Mordecai Myers, of this city, to Miss Bailey, daughter of Judge Bailey of Plattsburgh.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mrs. Mary G. Taylor, wife of Mr. Edward Taylor, merchant, of this city, aged 25 years.

Mr. Isaac Cock, merchant, of this city.

Mr. Richard Wheeler, aged 48.

Mrs. Elizabeth Striker, wife of Mr. John Striker.

Mrs. Catherine Osborn, aged 51 years.

At Rose Hill, on Staten Island, Wm. B. Gifford, esq. aged 64.

At Kinderhook, Mr. Daniel Ludlow.

At New-Orleans, Col. John C. Bartlett, Quarter Master General of the 8th Military District.

In Claremont, (N. H.) two brothers, by the name of Putnam; They were very reputable young men; one aged 25 the other 19 years. They were found on the morning of the 9th ult. suffocated in their beds. On the evening preceding the youngest complained of a cold, and for the purpose of producing perspiration, a kettle of common coals, taken from the hearth, was placed in their chamber, which was plastered and otherwise very tight. Another solemn admonition against this frequent but most dangerous practice.

At Roxbury, near Boston, Major-General Heath, in the 77th year of his age: an officer of high standing in the Revolutionary war.

Seat of the Muses.

From the Columbian.

AN OCCASIONAL ODE.

(On the recommendation of the Common Council of New-York, for making a collection in the several Churches of the city, for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers on the Niagara frontier.)

BLEAKLY blows the chilling blast!
Keen and cutting is the air—
O! that wintry storms were past;
O! for sunny seasons fair!

But around the cheerful fire,
What of winter do we know?
Changed to vapor, winds retire—
Harmless falls the rain and snow!

Still we shudder at the sight,
Still we shiver at the sound;
And amidst the gloomy night,
Form a closer circle round.

Why should we regard the storm?
Though we tempt the bitterest day;
We have garments close and warm,
We have food—have fire sides gay!

We in social circles meet,
With our wives and children dear;
And with friends in converse sweet,
Pass the time in pleasant cheer!

O! amidst this peaceful scene,
Can we think of the distress'd,
Now exposed to winter keen,
In the desolated west?

See the mother with her child,
Raiment scarce its form to shield;
See her fly with terror wild,
O'er the blood-devoted field!

Thousands, widows, orphans, see,
From their burning hamlets driven!
Houseless, friendless, shall they be,
Till they find relief in heaven!

Shall the shivering outcast's head,
On the earth unpillow'd ache?
Shall the sireless cry for bread,
Till their mother's heart shall break?

No! the CHRISTIAN answers, no!
No! the PATRIOT quick replies;
We will soothe the widow's woe;
We will calm the orphan's cries!

Sons of wealth, in circles gay,
A "voice from heaven" appeals to you;
Mild Benevolence shall sway,
Every heart to virtue true!

Ye who little have to give—
Give, and wish that it were more;
Bid the fainting sufferers live—
God! increase the giver's stores!

Then let wintry tempests blow—
Then may we defy the storm!
CHARITY's celestial glow,
Keeps the vital streamlets warm!

ZEPHYR.

SONNET—FROM PETRARCH.

LOOSE to the wind her golden tresses stream'd,
And form'd bright waves with amorous Zephyr's
sighs;

And, tho' averted now, her charming eyes,
Then with warm love and melting pity beam'd.
Was I deceiv'd?—Ah! surely nymph divine,
That fine suffusion on thy cheek was love;
What wonder then those lovely tints should move,
Should fire this heart, this tender heart of mine!

Thy soft melodious voice, thy air, thy shape,
Were of a goddess, not a mortal maid;
But tho' thy charms, thy heavenly charms should
fade,

My heart, my tender heart could not escape;
Nor cure for me in time or change be found;
The shaft extracted, does not cure the wound.

SELECTED

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Mr. Editor,

By inserting the following tender and beautiful sentiments, expressed in the language of nature, from the pen of that admired poet, Thomas Moore, Esq. you will oblige, no doubt, many of your readers, and one of your constant subscribers.

PIZZARO.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.*

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead but had gone to the Dismal Swamp; it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of cold and hunger; or had been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

"THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near!

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,
His path was rugged and sore;
Through tangled Juniper, beds of reeds;
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew;
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep,
Its venomous tear and nightly sleep,
The flesh with blistering dew.

And near him the she-wolf stir'd the brake;
The copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
'Till starting, he cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear!"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick o'er its surface play'd;
"Welcome," he said, "my dear ones light!"
And the dim shore echo'd for many a night,
The name of the death cold maid!

'Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!!!

* The great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, (Virginia,) and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

Anecdote.

A father holding his little son across his knees, and spanking his bottom, the urchin bit him severely on the leg; on which his parent said, "you young dog, how dare you bite me?" The boy turned his head, and looking him in the face said—father, who began first?

Morality.

ON FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

(Concluded from our last.)

THIS reasoning is not meant to justify the indulgence of those little, and sometimes base passions, towards one another, with which females have been so generally charged; it is only intended to represent such passions in their first approach: and while not entertained as less criminal than the men are apt to state them, and to prove that in their attachments to each other, the latter have not always that merit above the women which they are apt to claim. In the mean time, let it be the business of the ladies, by emulating the gentlemen, where they appear good natured and disinterested, to disprove their imputation, and to shew a temper open to friendship as well as to love.

To talk much of the latter is unnatural to both; to talk much of the former is considered, by the men, as one way of doing themselves honour. Friendship, they know, is that disguised form, which in speculation, at least, every heart must respect. But in friendship as in religion, which on many accounts it resembles, speculation is often substituted in the place of practice. People fancy themselves possessed of the thing, and hope that others will fancy so too, because they are fond of the name, and have learned to talk about it with plausibility. Such talk, indeed, imposes till experience gives the lie.

To say the truth, there seems to be in either sex, but little of what a fond imagination, unacquainted with the falsehood of the world, and warmed by affections, which its selfishness has not chilled, would reckon friendship. In theory the standard is raised too high, but we ought not, however, to wish it much lower. The honest sensibilities of ingenuous nature should not be checked by the over cautious documents of political prudence. No advantage obtained by such frigidity can compensate for the want of those warm effusions of the heart into the bosom of a friend, which are, doubtless, among the most exquisite pleasures. At the same time, however, it must be owned that they often, by the inevitable lot of humanity, make way for the bitterest pains which the heart can experience. Happy beyond the common condition of her sex, is she who has found a friend indeed, open hearted, yet discreet; generously fervent, yet steady; thoroughly virtuous, but not severe, wise as well as cheerful!! Can such a friend be loved too much, or cherished too tenderly? If to excellence and happiness there be any one way more compendious than another, next to friendship with the Supreme Being, it is this.

But when a mixture of minds so beautiful and so sweet takes place, it is generally, or rather always, the result of early prepossession, casual intercourse, or, in short, a combination of such causes as are not to be brought together by management or design: this noble plant may be cultivated, but it must grow spontaneously.

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